

Masonic Temple



Weekly Calendar

MONDAY—
Honolulu Lodge No. 409.
Stated, 7:30 p. m.

TUESDAY—

WEDNESDAY—

THURSDAY—
Honolulu Commandery No. 1.
Stated, 5 p. m.

FRIDAY—

SATURDAY—
Harmony Chapter No. 4, O. E. S.
Stated, 7:30 p. m.

SCHOFIELD LODGE—

SATURDAY—
Stated meeting, 7:30 p. m.

Odd Fellows Hall



WEEKLY CALENDAR

MONDAY—
Harmony Lodge No. 3, 7:30 p. m. Regular meeting.

TUESDAY—
Excelsior Lodge No. 1, 7:30 p. m. Regular meeting.

WEDNESDAY—

THURSDAY—
Olive Branch Rebekah Lodge No. 2, 7:45 p. m. Regular meeting.

FRIDAY—
Polynesian Encampment No. 1, 7:30 p. m. Work in Golden Rule Degree.

tourist

HONOLULU LODGE NO. 1, MODERN ORDER OF PHOENIX.

Will meet at their home, corner of Beretania and Fort streets, every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock.
CHARLES HUSTACE, JR., Leader
FRANK MURRAY, Secretary.

HONOLULU LODGE 616, P. B. O. E.

meets in their hall on King St., near Fort, every Friday evening. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to attend.
FRED E. HUCKLEY, E. R.
H. DUNSHIE, Sec.

Honolulu Branch of the NATIONAL GERMAN AMERICAN ALLIANCE of the U. S. A.

Meetings in K. of P. Hall on Saturdays at 7:30 p. m.
July 29, August 26, September 23, October 21, November 18, December 16.

PAUL R. ISENBERG, Pres.
C. BOLTE, Secy.

HERMANN SOEHNE,

Veranstaltungen Montag: Juni 5 und 12, Juli 3 und 17, Aug. 7 und 21, Sept. 4 und 18. Generalversammlung Juni 19 und Sept. 18.
EMIL KLEMMER, President
C. BOLTE, Sekretar

MYSTIC LODGE NO. 2, K. OF P.

Meets in Pythian Hall, corner Fort and Beretania streets, every Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting brothers cordially invited.
C. F. BRANCO, C. C.
A. E. ANGUS, P. C., K. R. and S.

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DEADLY BRITISH GAS-ATTACK TOLD OF BY SOLDIERS FROM WEST FRONT

"Doctoring Germans With Their Own Medicine," He Calls It—Weird Cruelty of the Fume-Battle Described—Suffering of Victims Horrible

LONDON, Eng., Aug. 9.—Before the "big squeeze" began discussion of British gas attack was strictly prohibited but now the taboo has been lifted, and a British "gasman" has been allowed to write a graphic account of the work of his own special corps whose business it is, he says, "to doctor the Germans with their own medicine."

"Behind our lines," he writes, "the sun set in a blaze of glory. A glance over the parapet shows the green and scarlet of the popped No-Man's land already merging into the gray mists of twilight; but 150 yards away, like a brown earth shadow among the grays, hangs the rusty barbed wire of the enemy and just beyond a white, chalky upthrow marks his front line trench. The gasmen stare across the silent shadows at that white line and for a moment they think of the choky, gurgling cough of the men who die by gas. It is not pleasant to die by gas."

"Connect up!" The order comes down the line from one bay of the trench to another, and the gasmen immediately get busy. The front rows of neatly piled sandbags of which each fire-step is apparently solidly built are pulled out and disclose a cavity in which show, black and ominous, the cowed heads of a row of iron cylinders. They are sunk in pits well "bagged up" to protect them from possible crack or puncture by flying fragment or ricocheting bullet. Each cylinder weighs about 130 pounds and contains sufficient compressed gas, if it could be used without waste, to put an entire company out of action.

"On top of the cylinders lies a tangle of flexible connecting pipes, three and four way joints, spigots, and screw-jet, and upon these, with spanner and key, the gasmen start work. The cylinders are all connected up in series, and nothing remains but to throw the jets over the top of the parapet and open the valves in order to release the deadly fumes."

"But something is required to carry the gas over to the German lines—a favoring breeze—and never did sailor scan the sky more intently than the gasmen watch their little, inconspicuous wind gauges, fixed to the edge of a trench. They must have a wind of a certain direction, and they prefer it of a certain strength. On this occasion, the direction is satisfactory enough, but the breeze shows signs of weakness, and occasionally falls to a mere, almost imperceptible zephyr. Danger of Leakage.

"When not watching the wind, the gasmen are watching their pipes; repeatedly feeling and testing every inch of tube and joint; for none know better than they the danger of leakage and of the escape of gas into their own trenches. Persistently an officer passes down the line, casting rapid though keen glances, as he goes at each set of cylinders and their connecting pipes. And in every bay he pauses and whispers two words to the corporal in charge. 'Eleven o'clock.' But the wind, without which the gas will not reach the enemy's trench and do its deadly work among its occupants, begins to peter out."

"At ten-fifty the gasmen don their special respirators, which in the dim light, give the wearers a strange, almost inhuman appearance. Masked and goggled, with weird, trunk-like pieces of hose running from the mouth-piece to the box of air-purifying chemicals strapped to their chests, they look like some of the unearthly beings who people the books of Mr. H. G. Wells."

"But not a breath disturbs the still air. The feeble breeze has died completely. Hurriedly the order runs down the line: 'Cancel, and stand by.' Behind their masks the gasmen grunt disgustedly. But suddenly—crack! crack! rattle-rattle-rattle! The orders to the infantry have not been countermanded, and the quiet of the night is roughly shattered by a long line of viciously crackling rifles and Lewis guns to which the Germans reply. No Security in Trenches.

"The gasmen move about uneasily. It is not for themselves they fear, but for those pipes and cylinder heads lying bare and exposed to the hail of flying fragments. Well they know the danger of bursts and of trenches filled with gas and no wind to move it. But they cannot 'bag up' without orders, and so they detail one of their number in each bay to watch the cylinders while the rest gather behind the traverse, as being a slightly safer spot."

"When day breaks a fair wind is blowing, straight towards the German

trenches. But, of course, it is now broad daylight, and the gas will be visible as soon as it leaves the pipes. The gasmen know what to expect. They know that as soon as the evening-gray clouds appear outside their parapet there will be running messengers and hurried telephoning in the German lines. They know that within a few minutes the word will have reached the German big guns at the back, and that every piece capable of flattening out a parapet and luring them, mangled and broken, among their own cylinders will be concentrated upon the front line trench in which they stand."

"Time! Over the top the jet-pipes are flung, and then, simultaneously along almost two miles of trench, there arises a sibilant hiss, as of some innumerable and venomous snakes suddenly aroused from slumber. Now the gasmen are working frantically with wheel and spanner and key, and the hiss increases in shrillness and volume. Outside the parapet the green poison fog is already spreading like a foul blanket over No-Man's land. Carried ceaselessly forward its outer edge is rapidly approaching the German trenches, into which it will presently sink, spreading agony and death among those who cannot escape."

"No rifle or machine gun fire has been ordered this time, and from either line scarcely a sound is heard except the deadly hiss of the escaping fumes. The minutes pass in tense, ominous quiet. Nature herself seems to pause aghast to watch this latest devilry practised by her children upon one another."

"Behind their masks the gasmen begin to breathe more freely, and then suddenly, on the left, 'Crash.' And 'crash' again, and yet again. This time on the right, somewhere close at hand. The men crouch lower over their cylinders, the explosions follow one another almost too rapidly to count, and in any case their minds are no longer fitted to count or care. Only the valves must be turned, and the pipes must be watched, and the sudden spurt of vapor which marks a leak must be checked by the application of a handful of mud, which the gas itself immediately freezes into an iron-hard and impenetrable mass."

"In one of the bays, the parapet rocks suddenly and falls forward, burying the men and their cylinders. Almost immediately the men scramble out unhurt, but the pipes are broken, and the gas is filling the trench. With spanner and mud the thing is stopped, new connections are rigged up, and the death vapor is again directed outside what is left of the trench. But one of the men has had the mouth-piece of his respirator broken, and already he is coughing and choking painfully. 'I've got it!' he gasps hoarsely, and goes behind the traverse to suck an ammonia ampule and die slowly."

"Closing-up time! Rapidly the valves are shut down, the jet pipes withdrawn and plugged and stacked away. Feverishly the men work at bagging up their cylinders again. Imperturbably a sergeant stalks down the ruined and battered trench, shepherding his flock towards their dugout. He is an old-timer—a transfer from the infantry—and scarcely quivers as a shell bursts behind a traverse he has just left. Quietly he directs two of the men to carry an unconscious case to the nearest point of the communication trench where stretcher-bearers may be found."

"In the dug-out, with the shells still pounding overhead, the section's roll is called. Most of the men answer by their names. Some are answered by comrades as wounded and for others no one answers at all."

"But over in the German trenches hundreds of men are choking and gasping in agony for an hour before they can die. They have been made to quaff their own medicine."

STOMACH TROUBLES DUE TO ACIDITY

SO SAYS EMINENT SPECIALIST

So-called stomach troubles, such as indigestion, wind, stomach-ache and inability to retain food are in probability nine cases out of ten simply evidence that fermentation is taking place in the food contents of the stomach, causing the formation of gas and acids. Wind distends the stomach, and causes that full, oppressive feeling sometimes known as heartburn, while the acid irritates and inflames the delicate lining of the stomach. The trouble lies entirely in the fermenting food. Such fermentation is not only unnatural, but may involve most serious consequences if not corrected. To stop or prevent fermentation of the food contents of the stomach and to neutralize the acids, and render it bland and harmless, a teaspoonful of bisurated magnesia, probably the best and most effective corrector of acid stomach known, should be taken in a quarter of a glass of hot or cold water immediately after eating, or whenever wind or acidity is felt. This stops the fermentation, and neutralizes the acidity in a few moments. Fermentation, wind and acidity are dangerous and unnecessary. Stop or prevent them by the use of a proper antacid, such as bisurated magnesia, which can be obtained from any druggist and thus enable the stomach to do its work properly without being hindered by poisonous gas and dangerous acids.—M. F. P. For sale by Benson, Smith & Co., 1011 Pitt St., Honolulu, T. H. Advertiser Drug Co.—Adv.

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STRENGTH

SCHOOL STRIKES IN JAPAN CAUSE MUCH CONCERN

TOKIO, Japan.—Strikes of pupils against their teachers constitute a feature of modern Japan which is giving the educational authorities considerable concern. Previously peaceful revolts of students were confined to the medical schools, but lately they have extended to the middle schools which correspond to the high schools of the United States. The strikes are usually due to the pupils' objection to the transfer of a favorite teacher to the transfer of a new teacher. Ordinarily the incident is closed up by the temporary suspension of the students. This makes them surrender as they fear dismissal, which would ruin their careers in business or professional life.

A recent strike occurred in Takao, northern Japan, where all the fourth and fifth year students numbering more than 200 went on a strike because they were not satisfied with the head master.

Another recent incident in the public schools was the dismissal of a middle school teacher owing to his alleged dissemination of dangerous thoughts among the pupils. It is alleged that the teacher, an instructor in commercial school, in the course of a lecture expressed admiration for a historical personage, Taisho-Mass, who, who made an attempt to overthrow the imperial throne. When the dismissal was announced the principal of the school sent in his resignation on the ground that he was jointly responsible for what had been done by his subordinate.

SAFE ON A COWCATCHER.

MILLVILLE, N. J.—While Charles Norberry was riding a motorcycle, he was struck by a West Jersey and Seashore Railroad train at the East Main street crossing and received only slight bruises.

The motorcycle, with Norberry still on the seat, was fastened to the cow-catcher until the train was stopped 500 feet from where the accident occurred.

200 AUTOS PARADE TO TOP OF PIKE'S PEAK

DENVER, Colo.—Under perhaps the most dramatic circumstances ever attending the opening of a new highway, 200 automobiles, 150 of which were Studebakers, participated in a parade from Colorado Springs to Pike's Peak Highway for the first time.

The celebration marked the formal dedication of the new highway, which is the highest and in many respects, the most wonderful motor road in the world. The summit of Pike's Peak is 14,150 feet above the level of the sea.

Now that the new highway is completed, the trip to the summit of Pike's Peak is no longer the bugbear to tourists that it once was. The long twisting uphill journey, however, still furnishes a severe trial to the power and hill climbing ability of any car.

you don't have to do much guessing

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